PERSONAL MENTION

Colonel and Mrs. Bernard A. Eckhart of Lake Forest are in Boston, where they will remain for several weeks, returning home by way of New York.

Mrs. Samuel T. Chase, 3204 Sheridan road, is not expected home from York Harbor, where she has been passing the summer, before the last of September.

Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, 1225 North State street, is making trips along the Massachusetts coast in a small motor car she bought for the purpose. She stops at Anisquam, Sias-consett, Swampscott or Gloucester, as her fancy dictates, for short visits with friends who are passing the summer at these places.

Mr. and Mrs. William McCormick Blair, 1416 Astor street, are visiting Mrs. Blair's mother, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, at her summer home at Bar Harbor. They will return home next month.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Lynch, 3 West Burton place, are on a motor trip in the White mountains and do not expect to return home before the middle of September.

Mrs. George Halleck Taylor, 59 East Division street, is at Saratoga. She will leave with Mr. Taylor this week for East Hampton, L. I., and will return home the middle of September. Mrs. Taylor's sister, Miss Doris Rinehart, who has been passing the summer at York Harbor, will go to Boston within a fortnight for a visit of two weeks, after which she will return home.

Miss Clio Mamer, daughter of Chris Mamer, 501 Throop street, has returned from a trip to Alaska and western Canada. She passed several days at the Banff Springs hotel, Banff, on her way home.

The Chicago Yacht club has arranged a concert and dinner dance for Monday afternoon and evening, Sept. 4, in place of the usual Tuesday evening dance of Sept. 5. A special concert commencing at 3 o'clock will be given on this date, after which there will be dinner and dancing.

The Ravinia frolic of 1916 under the auspices of the Ravinia club, will be held Saturday evening, Sept. 9, at 8:15 o'clock. There will be no afternoon performance. There is to be a ballet, classic and ballroom dancing, dramatic sketches, pantomime, monologues and burlesque. The park will be filled with strolling singers and jesters, and, while the rule of ushers in curls and flounces will be followed, there will be black coats and gleaming collars among the flower and program venders. The accomplished amateurs of the north shore will furnish the program, which will be preceded and followed by dancing.

Wilhelm Engel, the well known cigar manufacturer of 1936 Mohawk street offers a very superior cigar in both his "La Suabia" and "Rambuss"

The Norman Institute at 14 West Washington street is justly celebrated for the efficiency of its massage and physical culture system.

Judge John Barton Payne makes a splendid President of the South Park Commission.

John D. Gallivan, the veteran letter carrier, is one of the most popular men in the service of Uncle Sam.

Judge Charles A. Williams has pleased his friends by his fine record on the Municipal bench.

Edward Uihlein of the great Schlitz Brewing Company is one of the upbuilders of Chicago.

Thomas J. Webb is respected in business and public life. He is an ideal member of the Board of Review.

R. McDonald of Clinton and Adams streets is popular with printers, manufacturers and everybody else.

John B. Knight of 72 West Washington street is one of the leaders in the real estate world.

John Z. Vogelsang is the dean of Chicago restaurant men.

Boulevard Addison Street and save it for the people.

Thomas F. Keeley is in the front rank of every movement for the betterment of Chicago and the brightening of its future.

When you need envelopes phone Heco, Superior 7100. You can't fail to be satisfied.

Walter Clyde Jones made an honorable and useful record in the State Senate. He would make a good judge.

Henry J. Kolze made a splendid County Commissioner. He would make a good city treasurer.

A. T. Koehne of 1100 Webster avenue, is frequently mentioned for Alderman of the Twenty-fourth ward, although he is not looking for any office himself.

Thomas J. Sauerman of Ohio and Clark streets and proprietor of the oldest saloon and restaurant in Chicago has the finest bar fixtures in America. They were made over fifty years ago, and the carving was all done by hand. The German Historical Society has taken photographs of them.

HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

Picturesque Market Day in a Suburb of Chicago

CHICAGO.—The conductor on an Illinois Central early morning suburban train bound for Blue Island hitched up his belt with one hand and chucked a dark-eyed Italian child good-naturedly under the chin with the other. Then he turned to the father on the opposite seat.

"Take that pig off the seat, Tony," he said, "and put it on the floor. And don't let that rabbit fall out of the window."

Tony grinned and shoved a diminutive porker down between his feet.

"I won't have him long," he answered in broken English, wiping his brow with a red bandanna. "I'm going to trade him for some rabbits."

In a short time the brakeman burst through the door, yelling "Blue Island," and the exodus began. The weird procession looked like a second edition of the disembarkment from Noah's ark after the flood.

The cause of the unusual circumstance lay in the fact that it was Blue Island's own "market day," held the first Thursday of each month the year around and which for nearly two generations has been one of the most picturesque institutions of the middle West.

A tour along the street revealed an interesting sight, as in the jumble were hucksters, patent medicine venders, groups of horses, a cow now and then, a sprinkling of automobiles and motor cycles and long rows of wagons containing chickens, ducks, geese, pigeons, white rabbits, goats and pigs for sale or trade. Most of the trading was done a la "20 chickens for a goat" or "six white rabbits for a pig."

Trading began early, and by ten o'clock long lines of the picturesquely attired foreign peoples who go to make of America a great melting pot could be seen making their way to the depots, carrying baskets or boxes under arms, on top of heads and in wagons, containing noisy geese and chickens. Here and there would be a man bearing a grunting pig under his arm or trying to drive a stubborn goat. They made their way into the railway cars—it was said in Blue Island that on market day only the railways permit persons to take into passenger coaches anything that they can carry under their arms, whatever its nature—and with noises resembling Cy De Vry's famous zoo, chattered in strange tongue, presumably about their various trades and what the next market day would bring forth.

Unselfish New Yorkers Give Their Blood Freely

NEW YORK.—Those who recently watched young men and women and even children crowd into Dr. Abraham Zingher's office at Willard Parker hospital were convinced that unselfishness is commoner than most people believe. They were there to give their blood for the sake of sufferers they had never seen. These men and women and children were all cripples. They were well now, but each had a limp arm or a shortened leg resulting from an attack of infantile paralysis some time, perhaps many years ago.

Without hope of reward, except the satisfaction that comes from all good deeds, they responded to the physicians' appeal for the life fluid of recovered poliomyelitis patients, which has been discovered to benefit those just stricken down and still struggling against the terrible fever in the acute stages.

One of the men from whom blood was taken had both a twisted leg and a limp arm.

"I've had a tough time of it," he confided to Doctor Zingher, "ever since the disease left me this way as a child. I've had jobs and have had to give them up because I couldn't do the work. Vicious people have made me the butt of their fun and sensitive people have hurt me as much by avoiding me as if I were an unclean thing. All my life I've felt that I had no place in the world, that I was left out of everything worth while—until today. Now I feel that I am of some use. I can save others from my own fate."

Another volunteer was a youth, who said:

"Don't tell my parents, please, doctor. They'd be frightened if they knew I was giving blood, for they do everything to make my life full and happy. But of what use are all their efforts? I'm no good, anyhow, so if all my blood will save others, take it."

The blood is carefully and almost painlessly drawn. The only ill effect those giving it feel is sometimes a slight weakness, which passes off in a day or two.

Pittsburgh Discards the Title of Smoky City

PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh has announced to an admiring world that it is no longer "The Smoky City." "To all intents and purposes Pittsburgh has solved its smoke problem," it is stated. "Although it is having a hard time living down its time-worn nickname of 'The Smoky City,' the fact remains that the 'production and emission of smoke' in Pittsburgh has been abated fully 75 per cent within the last three years. And that in spite of the fact that the business activity and coal consumption have greatly increased during that time."

No other city has been confronted with a smoke problem of such magnitude or has encountered so many difficulties in solving it. The three rivers, the deep valleys, the frequency of high humidity and low wind velocity, with resultant fogs, were handicaps to be overcome. The extent of the mill district, the great number of stacks in restricted areas, the immense quantity of smoke-producing fuels consumed, the characteristics of the high volatile coal natural to the district, and the variety of boiler and metallurgical furnaces, were in part responsible for the dense smoke that used to cover the city like a pall, making it necessary to use artificial light in midday.

Investigators of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, University of Pittsburgh, discovered that Pittsburgh's annual loss, due to smoke nuisance, was at least $10,000,000. The agitation for smoke abatement crystallized into a great civic movement in which all the industries of the city were urged to join. On March 4, 1913, the city council passed several ordinances relating to the regulation of production and emission of smoke and enlarging the scope of the bureau of smoke regulation, organized some time before.

Conferences with railroad operating officials and manufacturers enabled the bureau to suggest smoke-abatement appliances especially fitted for each plant. The widest publicity was given the campaign by local newspapers, and there were few stacks in the city that did not have their smoke output closely watched. Improvements had to be licensed by the bureau, so that only practical appliances were permitted. Hundreds of concerns subsequently reported to the bureau that the smoke abatement crusade had benefited them by helping to reduce their coal consumption and lessening operating costs.

Tussock Moths Destroying Chicago's Shade Trees

CHICAGO.—Chicago has been invaded by millions of tussock moths, busily engaged in eating the leaves from the trees of the city. The moths, in the caterpillar stage, cause a rash if they fall on the bare skin. Practically every section of the city is subject to the invasion. The only spots which have not suffered are the big parks, which have their own forces of laborers to combat the enemy. The continued hot weather is held accountable for the invasion.

"I never saw the city so infested with the tussock moth as it now is," said City Forester Jacob H. Frost. "The pest is worst over among the willows on the West side lowlands.

"The best method to save the trees at this time of the year is to hire small boys to climb the infested trees and brush the egg masses into a pail, then burn them. Wire brushes are the proper thing. It is well to back this method by spraying with arsenate of lead.

"These moths are in the caterpillar stage now and they crawl into open windows and onto porches. If they drop onto the bare arms or neck they will raise a rash. Hundreds of instances of this kind of a rash have been reported to my office."